

## HALLIDAY'S BRIDE

By Louise Merrifield

Right Box, by M. M. Cunningham

O'Donnell haled the bus at Twenty-third street. It would take him to the door of the bank and give him time to read the letter over again.

He did not know how long he had sat on the corner, his letter crushed in his hand, his eyes staring at the passing vehicles and people. The letter had been delayed. She had mailed it two weeks before in Brittany, less than a week ago he had read of her marriage to Halliday—merely a few four or five lines in the cable dispatches concerning noted Americans abroad. But she had written him that last week before the marriage.

The bus stopped in front of him to let a passenger alight. Half unconsciously he accepted the invitation of the open swinging door and slipped into the corner seat as it swung on to the avenue. There were the other occupants of the bus, all women. He did not look at them. Just at that particular moment he did not feel kindly toward the sex.

Smoothing out the double sheet of pink note paper, he reread the letter from Penelope Graham.

"My dear old boy, aren't you ashamed to be so selfish? We sail on the 20th. Is not that early enough? You have been away for many days of this last summer to take a swing at the world as a boy again. In every letter you beg me to take the next boat back. And, my, Jack, I know it will make you worse, but we are having a splendid time. Uncle Tom and I are going to America and will get up to Scotland with Aunt Nan as soon as Bess and I start for home. It has been a glorious trip, and when I think that next year it will be you and I drifting together through all these dear little old world corners and the like, I begin to wonder why you know not have ever kept a notebook which will serve as our guide, so as not to miss one single place or picture that I want you to see! Next year, Jack! We're old married people then, though! Uncle Tom says I don't act a bit like a young person about to be married in three weeks, but it doesn't seem to come as a shock at all—just part of the drifting and glorious happiness of these days."

"Wasn't it absurd?" murmured O'Donnell abstractedly, looking at the depot clock. "And Pen is out home at Glenwood."

"No. Did I say she was? You know I'm half crazy these days. Steve says it's permissible. Pen's right here in the depot with mamma waiting for me. I wanted to see Steve before we left town, and they went on ahead. Steve's coming out on the 5:30 with papa. Oh, Jack, just think, you and Steve will be brothers now!"

"Yes?" muttered O'Donnell under his breath, and they entered the depot, where Penelope was waiting.

out, tall, slender, dressed in gray, with the white chiffon veil over her face.

"Pen?" he exclaimed. "Pen, darling!"

And then the white veil was raised and he found himself looking into Bess' dancing, laughing blue eyes and holding her extended hands in his.

"Don't shout on the street, Jack," she said merrily. "Walk decently and orderly with me to the depot. Mamma's waiting for me there. We thought you were dead or something. Why didn't you show up at the boat yesterday? Didn't you get Pen's letter?"

"Pen—yes, I got the letter." O'Donnell stumbled at the curb and righted himself with an effort. "I also saw the press dispatches. That's why I thought perhaps my appearance at the boat wasn't necessary. Rather sudden, wasn't it?"

"Suddenly! Was it in the papers here?" Bess stopped and gasped. "But it couldn't be. We never told a soul, and we caught the night train out of Paris and the early steamer from Cherbourg. And no one knew, not even Pen. Why, mamma didn't know until she met Steve and me yesterday."

O'Donnell stared at her. The long rope was beginning to swing him furiously around again. He took Bess by the arm and led her under an awning at the corner in the shade.

"Where's Pen?" he asked quietly, very quietly.

"Why, at home, of course. Where would she be, goose? How white and odd you look, Jack! Pen came with us. Of course she didn't approve. Pen never could see anything interesting in love mania, you know, and it was perfectly useless trying to make her understand an elopement. But why on earth didn't you meet us yesterday?"

"Pen thinks you're dead or lost. She phoned the office, and they said you hadn't been there since Saturday."

"I had not. I only went back today," answered O'Donnell slowly. "Somebody must have got hold of the elopement and cabled it home, but they made a little mistake in the names. They said that Miss Penelope Graham was married to Stephen Halliday."

"Oh, how perfectly killing, Jack!" Bess gave one of her crazy little girlish cries. "And you thought, you poor old boy—why, of course you must have thought—but, then, how could you ever think that Steve would want to marry Pen instead of me?"

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Second Sight and Mirage. Has "second sight" any relation to the phenomena of mirage? The following anecdote suggests that second sight may be the result of "refraction of events" in a normal way. The Rev. —, a celebrated scholar, who tells the tale, was fishing Loch Lomond with Lord —. They were out of sight of the little wooden pier whence the boats start. Mr. — remarked that Lord

was gazing with a strange and startled expression across the loch.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "We are out of sight of the pier, are we not?" answered Lord —. "Certainly we are," said Mr. —. "Well, I saw the pier and a boat coming in, with a very tall, heavy man lying in it. The boatman lifted him on to the pier with difficulty. He seemed to be dead." Returning at sunset, the angler found that a heavy fish had died suddenly in his boat and been lifted to the pier at the moment when Lord — saw the thing happen.

Could this be a case of natural refraction, as when a friend of mine, walking down Market street, St. Andrews, with his back to the cathedral, saw the cathedral facing him? Much amazed, he asked a passerby if he saw anything unusual. "Mam, I see the cathedral!" said the other. The vision was shared, but Mr. — did not share the vision of Lord —.

—Andrew Lang in London Illustrated News.

The Value of Literary Criticism.

Has literary criticism any value? A contemplation of its blunders almost makes one hesitate to say "Yes." The history of literature, ancient and modern, shows that if Homer sometimes nods, Aristarchus is still often found napping. The oracles of criticism, like all others, have err'd in all ages and never more egregiously than when they have been most confident and most dogmatic in their judgments. To a reader who lacks imagination and taste the most exquisite poetical conceptions and expressions are like uniform writing or a roll of Pommel.

J. Blanco White, speaking of a woman carrying primroses by his window, says, "They were new primroses, so blooming and so tender that it might be said that their perfume was received by the eye." This is a novel and striking thought, which only the fodest love could have suggested. But think of the scorn which the "nonsense" would elicit from a cold-blooded matter-of-fact reader! He would class it with the "not light, but darkness visible" of Milton or the lines in Keats' "Pot of Basil."

At the next corner the last woman alighted. She wore a white chiffon veil and appeared to be in a hurry. O'Donnell sighed in relief to know he was alone and looked about him. And then he started, every nerve tense and taut for the floor of the bus, almost at his feet, lay the little gold nest coin purse that he had given Pommel before she left for Europe.

Before he had lifted it in his hand he was positive, even before he saw her initials on the top band. It had a curious little ring on the chain to slip over the finger, a dull gold circle set in diamonds. For a moment he held the purse stupidly, staring at it with his eager eyes. It was hers; she had put it in her hand a moment ago.

Suddenly reason began to lighten and he remembered the woman with the chiffon veil. It was she, of course. He had not noticed. She had been in a hurry, naturally. Probably she had recognised him and dreaded their meeting. Without signalling for the bus to stop he swung down the steps to the street and started headlong to the Forty-third street, looking for a man with a white chiffon veil.

He was nowhere in sight, but he was. If it were Penelope he would know somehow. And suddenly as he passed the postal station one of the closing doors opened and she came

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## EAR TROUBLES.

As a Rule They Are Due to Abuses of Some Kind.

The best way to care for the ear is to study the things not to do. It is one of the most independent of organs, knowing very well how to take care of itself. If it is duly respected, little trouble or none will result. In cases where something unforeseen goes wrong a physician should be consulted at once. Almost all troubles of the ear are due to abuses of some kind. The wax seems to worry a great many people, and in their concern they usually manage to seriously interfere with its functions. In the healthy ear the wax, or cerumen, is a thin, yellowish fluid that thickens into a paste as it dries. Nature provides for its natural exit from the ear passage by uniting it with the tiny flakes of dead skin, which fall outward unnoticed either by seeing or feeling. Thus wax does not accumulate in a healthy ear, which has just enough to make sticky the stiff little hairs that grow in the passage.

Instruments should never be poked into the ear by the inexperienced nor wads of material continually mopped and squeezed into the opening for cleansing. Usually such treatment induces an increase or caking of wax. Hot water is the best solvent for wax, 105 to 115 degrees F. If the need of it is imperative, gently syringe the ear with it. Cotton plugs in the ear are useful at times but should be used no more than absolutely necessary, for they obstruct the canal and interfere with the natural way of casting off wax.

## DESTINY OF THE JEW.

To Give the World a Homogeneous Humanity, Says Walter Hirt.

Zionism, as it presents itself to me, is a beautiful but a barren dream. It is the noble conception of a splendid sentimental, born from the grand brain and nursed in the great heart of Theodore Herzl and well calculated to inspire the imagination of a people that have cherished through the centuries its imperishable ideals. It is the flower of a mighty love that never can know a momentary fruition.

In this chauvinism of the Jew, engendered by ages of persecution, we find the philosophy of conditions that appear to us as cruel. His has been but a preparatory experience. The strongest bond of brotherhood in the world today is that of Jewish blood. It is the red badge of a freemason founded on a community of suffering, and its ritual is written large upon each heart in letters of pain. And this it is that at last will weld the world together. With the infusion of Jewish blood into the universal social body—a blood become so distinctive that it will thicken the whole vast volume men will meet, from the ends of the earth and, looking in each other's face, will recognize a clansman.

This is the destiny reserved for the Jew—this is his sociologic function—to break down the barriers of race that partition society into nations and give to the world a homogeneous humanity.—Walter Hirt in Culturist.

Shrinking Flannel.  
All good flannel is shrunk before being offered to the public, and the process is carried on by the most experienced cloth workers. The flannels are placed between two heavy wet sheets first and left in that position for twenty-four to thirty-six hours. When removed they are spread out on specially prepared rails in a drying room heated by steam pipes, where they are allowed to remain until thoroughly dry. The next process is to place the length of the flannel in folds between layers of glossy paper and subject it to a pressing by hydraulic machines. The more pressure they are subjected to the more valuable and heavy the flannels become.—London Graphic.

## A. Ungallant Wish.

In the court of sessions in Scotland the judges who do not attend or give a proper excuse for their absence are by law liable to a fine. This law, however, is never enforced, but it is common on the first day of the session for the absentee to send an excuse to the lord president. Lord Stomfield having sent such an excuse, on the president mentioning it, the late Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield said in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fellow like him have?" "My lord," said the president, "he has lost his wife." The justice, who was fitted with a Kandippe, replied: "Has he? That is a good excuse indeed. I wish we had the same."

## Real Evidence.

"My only objection to the young man," said the father, speaking of the youth who proposed to his daughter, "is that he doesn't seem to have the least bit of sense or foresight."

"But," answered the mother, "he has as much sense as you had when you asked for my hand."

"Confound it! That's just why I object to him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Same Old Watch.  
"Hello, Rummel, I bear you had your watch stolen the other day."

"Yes, but the thief is already caught. Just think, the fool took it to the pawnshop, and there they immediately recognized it as mine and detained him."—Filegende Blatter.

## Bohemian Rates.

Van Dauber—How much do you pay a week for your board and room? Scribbler—Well, some expressmen charge me \$1 and some 75 cents—Puck.

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